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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
  when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
  gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
  when a man shall die
And forget love
  which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
  that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
  of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of Stanford Writing*, 1931

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GIVEN BY EDWIN EVERITT WILLIAMS '32

By Isabella F. Darling.

H, hallowed are the auld kirks
O' every creed an' name,
By rock-girt shore or city's roar,
Among the hills o' hame;
A tale o' ither days they tell,
Wi' lintels auld an' worn—
How bonnily their chiming bells
Ring like Sab'bath morn.

Majestic are the auld kirks,
In ruins aye serene,
Wi' mossgrown towers where sparrows build
Among the ivy green;
Or fair and dazzling as a bride
They cheered the darksome days,
When owre the snaw at Xmas-tide,
Their trellis windows blaze.

And zealous were the auld folk,
Aye first to hear the ca',
Their silvery heads were glittin' white,
To welcome ane and a'.
With dimpled cheek and win'blown curl,
The winsome bairnies thrang,
And sweetly owre the weary world
Their glad hosannas rang.

And precious was the auld Book,
The Word for aye will stand—
The trusty crook the Shepherd took
To guide wi' kindly hand.
The bread of Life was broken there
While thankfu' e'en were dim,
And bitter wrangs forgotten there,
In memory of Him.

And down the aisle, like Heaven's smile,
Wi' joy that nane can hide,
The mirthfu' maidens cam' to kirk,
The bridegroom and the bride.
But night birds wail and wild winds moan
Whaur crowds were wont to praise,
And bricht on saint and martyr shone
The licht o' ither days.

Oh, sacred are the auld kirks,
Their mission is divine;
Around their wa's, wi' lichens green,
Unfading memories twine.
Love, weeping, strews her immortelles
Owre graves we saftly name,
And grey towers sound their solemn bells
When weary bairns gang hame.

They tell us o' the grand Rock,
The Kirk that hauds us a';
Around it suns and systems wane,
And kingdoms rise and fa'.
Wi' love that death shall ne'er destroy
Her golden altars burn—
"With songs and everlasting joy
The ransomed shall return."

Do not forget that the present becomes the past. Do not cause the gift of memory to be otherwise than a blessing; there is no more awful punishment than memory when it must look back upon the lost opportunities of one's life. Even as a statue with the water trickling through its hand into the basin beneath, so do we let slip opportunities. Then must come regret, *mourning*, as the smoke of these lost opportunities *rises before* our memories, and so we must watch it *rising up and up*, even as Abraham looked back and *saw the smoke of* Sodom rising up to heaven ascende

Wayside Songs

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers.

WAYSIDE SONGS

WITH LATER LYRICS

BY

JOHN BROWN

AUTHOR OF 'SONG DRIFTS'

NEW EDITION

GLASGOW
FREDERICK W. WILSON AND BROTHER
1887

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PTS 1678

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POEMS

PRELUDE.

The April tears are dried away
And blossoms sow the earth with smiles,
While May—sweet May,
With roundelay,
Is laughing in the woods to-day
To capture hearts with sunny wiles.

Forget the city's toil and care,
And wander forth from busy throngs:
A lyric lies in every flower—
And winds waft music as they blow,
And singing loud and singing low,
The streamlet in its dreamy flow
Ripples away from hour to hour.
The magic circle round us lies
Of trees and skies,
And stray notes flutter here and there,
That wandering on we love to share,
And weave into our WAYSIDE SONGS.

POEMS.

A SUMMER SONG.

THE bees among the clover
  Went humming in and out,
The butterflies on sunny wings
  Trooped listlessly about.
The stream a song was singing,
  That lulled the dreaming flowers,
And my heart itself was dreaming
  To the song of happy hours.

I saw the hills above me,
  The breezy hills of Weir,
The Ferny Farm that nestled
  Where the stream grows broad and clear

The lights and shades went racing
  Across the fields of rye,
As the hopes and fears that tremble
  When Love himself is nigh.

I call to mind the fancies,
  So idle, yet so dear,
That fluttered round my heart, sweet,
  When you yourself drew near.
A sunbeam on the meadows,
  A lily on the stream,
A sweet reality—and yet,
  The image of a dream.

Time has not changed the fancies
  Of that remembered hour
Whose bud of bliss has blossomed
  To true and perfect flower.
And fortune grant the way, love,
  Our happy footsteps tend,
Be sunny as the past, love,
  And sunny to the end.

TWO PICTURES.

TWO lovers in the moonlight,
A whisper in the shade,
A glance from eyes in sweet surprise
A heart's soft answer made ;
And far, far though they wander,
By weary ways apart,
Nor time nor distance severs
The happy heart from heart.

An old man fondly dreaming
Above the ruddy blaze,
Sees, still the tender moonlight
Walks, still the shady ways.
While perfect as the vision
Is she, who smiles apart,
And death alone can sever
The loving heart from heart.

BLOSSOM.

WE called her Blossom, for she came
With spring's unnumbered flowers,
A dainty blossom gently dropped
Amid our budding bowers.
For her the humble paths of life
Grew beautiful and fair,
Each day unfolding some new grace
And sweetening all the air.

We called her Blossom, when there came
A blighting frost and keen,
And stole the sunshine from her eyes
As Death's shade crept between.
We laid her in the church-yard lone,
And Blossom still we said,
As spring her wavy garlands wove
Above our darling's head.

A DIRGE.

SING soft and low,
Love sleeps below
This little coverlet of snow,
And the tall trees shake
  But he will not wake.
Though we call him loud,
And our lone heart break,
  He will not wake.

  Sing soft and low,
  He will not know
Our bitter pain, and cankering woe.
  And birds that sing
  In the early spring
To him no song can bring,
  Nor we, though we sit and sing.

THE RIPPLE O' THE BURNIE.

THE ripple o' the burnie
  Is rinnin' in my dreams,
The sun-licht o' thy beauty
  Ower a' my mem'ry streams.
A blossom frae thy woodlands,
  A message brings to me,
And simmer breathes aboot my heart
  Because it thinks o' thee.
And lang, lang be thy simmer,
  And sweet the langest day,
Where sunbeams glint and shimmer
  On the burnie and the brae.

The din and smoke o' cities,
  The jostle o' the crowd,
The smirk and sneer o' envy,
  The flauntings o' the proud,
Can neither please nor tease me,
  Awake nor silence glee,

For peace lies ever in the heart
  That is possessed o' thee.

For mine's nae love to blossom,
  Then fade when cauld winds blaw,
Nae bird to seek thy simmer bower
  Then leave thee 'mid the snaw.
But heart to heart ance plighted,
  What ever may befa',
The love that brightened simmer hours
  Shall shield thee 'mid the snaw.
And lang, lang be thy simmer,
  And sweet the langest day,
Where sunbeams glint and shimmer
  On the burnie and the brae.

ANTICIPATION.

SWEETEST of all our fancies,
  Dearest of earthly things,
The bud not blown to blossom,
  The flutter of unfledged wings.
The glance, the voice of childhood
  Like twitter of early birds,
The look of tender welcome
  That asks no help from words.

The future, youth has haloed
  With love's undying glow,
The wide seas' unknown glories
  Towards which our longings flow.
The mystery that enwrappeth
  Our life's uncertain way,
And the hope that 'mid the darkness
  Anticipates the day.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

A COUPLE of miles from the village street—
  The sweet little village of Bray,
You may hear the stream like a wayward child,
  Go chatter and patter away.
But down by the meadow with wider sweep,
  By orchard and shady nook,
You come to the spot that is known to all,
  The stepping-stones over the brook.

'Twas here—when the spring, with flutter of flowers,
  Awoke the sweet dream of my youth,
'Twas here—that I gave all my heart away
  To beautiful Elenore Ruth.
That day—through the meadows wandering on,
  All bright with her love-lit look,
That day—like a fairy she skipped across
  The stepping-stones over the brook.

Ye stepping-stones blessed with her airy tread,
  Is't true what I hear them say,
They will hush your music under a bridge,
  And chase all romance away?
But rather than that—Oh, stream! run dry,
  And change not love's fairy book,
For only my fancy could cross again,
  The stepping-stones over the brook.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

My little love comes with the spring-time,
  As fairy and lightsome to see,
Her footfall hath wakened the daisies,
  Her voice called the bird to the tree.
The woodlands no longer are lonely,
  Nor lonely my cottage to me,
There's spring-time in heart and in nature,
  Since Elsie has come back to me.

Oh! long, long and drear was the winter,
  And dreary and lone was my heart,
The shadows that danced in the firelight,
  Were of my own spirit a part.
But gone are the sad brooding fancies,
  The sunlight has come o'er the sea,
My home is a world of sweet beauty,
  Since Elsie has come back to me.

EVEN-SONG.

THE daylight fades, and all things sleep,
  While night with dreamful charm
Seems softly resting her pale brow
  On twilight's rosy arm.
The silence of the peaceful hills
  Is falling on the heart,
The quiet of the slumbrous seas
  Is of our souls a part.

A sweet good night! and if dreams come,
  Oh! may the thought of me
Rest sweetly on thy loving heart
  As moonlight on the sea.
And may a strain of music bear,
  In whispering tide along,
An echo to thy charmèd ear
  Of this, my Even-Song.

THE STREAMLET DIMPLES IN THE SUN.

THE streamlet dimples in the sun
  And ripples o'er with laughter;
The breeze goes singing down the vale,
  The swallows follow after.
They fly! they fly! though naught to-day
  Can intimate of sadness;
They know the summer's fled away,
  And brief is autumn gladness.

Hast thou, too, Love, the swallow wing,
  When summer roses wither;
And will the longing lead thee hence,
  That once did guide thee thither.
Hast thou no thought of empty hearts
  And all the weary pining
Of winter here—while all the year
  For thee the sun is shining?

FORGET.

FORGET, we ever wandered
  The flowery tracks along,
Forget, we ever mingled
  Our hearts and voice in song.
Find in the echoed measure
  No tremble of regret,
And if thou canst, O! dear one,
  Live on, and yet forget.

Forget me—but forgotten
  Thou never more canst be,
The beauty and the magic
  In all things speak of thee.
The light of love's lost heaven
  Is brooding o'er me yet,
Forget me—but O! never
  Can I live, and forget.

LILY LEE.

THOUGH fair be every flower that opes
In beauty to the day,
And many a tender smile of love
Throws sunshine on our way.
Yet go I east, or go I west,
Wherever I may be,
I only had one heart to give,
So gave it Lily Lee.

Would all the rays of all the stars
Make up one summer sun!
Or thousand blossoms make a rose
Where roses there are none.
So go I east, or go I west,
Whoever I may see,
My heart remains in perfect rest
With lovely Lily Lee.

The hills of Dray are fair by day,
    And fairy-like by night,
There time forever is at play,
    I never mark his flight.
In an eternity of love
    The moments laughing flee,
And go I east, or go I west,
    There's but *one* Lily Lee.

A HOPELESS QUEST.

I SIT by open doorway
  In light of setting sun ;
Though night brings peace and silence,
  My labour is not done.
There's still a thought that lingers,
  A cry within my heart,
That calls for outward utterance,
  And will not hence depart.

The star of evening kindles
  Its glory in the blue,
The wind like inward longing
  Sighs soft the elm trees through.
I see and hear the lesson,
  I drop the heedless quest,
If Nature knows no slumber,
  How shall the heart find rest ?

WITH FAIRY WILE.

It was the time when leaves unfold
Their tender green, and wild birds hold
  Their loving tryst neath April's smile,
What time embowered in tinted moss
The primrose spreads its arms across
  The wakening earth with fairy wile.

In some such scene, at such a time,
I sang to you in careless rhyme,
  And you too listened with a smile.
The lights and shadows shifted were,
You grew each hour more dear and fair,
  You wove for me a fairy wile.

Now where the autumn mists enfold
The purple hills and woods of gold,
  And sunbeams shed a sickly smile,
Like sear leaves falling in the wind,

With hints of beauty left behind,
  I weave for you no fairy wile.

For hearts that feel the season's change,
And fancies ever prone to range,
  May pin their faith upon a smile.
But I by sad experience taught,
Shall with no April smile be caught,
  Nor tangled be, with fairy wile.

WE WALK APART.

I HAD a friend, a little friend,
  In dear bright days of old,
Her eyes were of the deepest blue,
  Her hair soft shining gold.
Her voice, like some old boyhood tune,
  Goes pulsing through my heart,—
I had a friend, a darling friend,
  But now we walk apart.

The world is changed since she and I
  Were playmates 'mong the flowers,
And where, where, shall we find again
  The old familiar hours?
My very home has lost the charm
  That hallowed it of yore,—
I had a friend, a darling friend,
  But we are friends no more.

ON READING MRS. WHITMAN'S POEMS.

As sad sweet music floats across the sea
  To charm the toiler on the furrowed sands,
So comes thy tender melodies to me,
  Weaving a magic chain with mystic bands.

And in the passion of thy songs I hear
  The music that hath lured me from afar,
The light I followed, lo! is shining clear
  But distant, as the glory of a star.

O! singer of the sweet and golden time,
  O! dreamer by the fair and radiant ways,
My life is richer by thy rippled rhyme,
  My music fuller for thy tender lays.

A PHANTASY.

I WAKE, and count it all a dream,
  And stifle thoughts of vain regret,
I say, I slept and dreamt it all,
  And dream, I dream it yet.
I call your vanished beauty up,
  And smooth again your soft brown hair;
I draw your chair the fireside nigh,
  And see you sitting there.

I play your favourite "*lieder*" through,
  And softly sing your favourite song,
I tell the pleasures that rejoice,
  The cares that do me wrong.
I say, "to-morrow we will go
  Our favourite walk if fate be kind,"
Then smile to hear the pattering rain
  And moaning of the wind.

And if at times my heart grows dull,
  As memory conjures up the past,
Till on the gloomy present hour
  Its sunny tints are cast.
I say again, "'Tis but a dream,
  I soon shall wake and find her nigh,
The night for me hath still a star,
  And dawn shall flush the sky."

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

WHY do you stand alone,
  My lovely Lucy May,
And sigh, as though you'd sigh
  Your very heart away?
Alas! I see it all,
  No need of words to tell,
You've brought your pitcher, dear,
  Once—too often to the well.

Your pretty eyes are dim—
  A tremble's on your lips,
Your charming summer gown
  With fallen water drips.
But O! you look so sweet,
  I feel love's witching spell
Has brought my heart, dear girl,
  Once—too often to the well.

"Truth lies within a well,"
  I've often heard folk say,
But never knew it truth,
  Till you came here to-day.
So 'spite of all mischance,
  Believe me when I tell,
I love you—so don't break
  More—than pitchers at the well.

SWEET ELLA'S PASSED AWAY.

THEY laid her where the river flows
  With music to the sea,
Along the grass, the breezes pass,
  In dreamful melody.
She was the fairest, dearest flower
  That met the smile of day,—
All beauty fled, when it was said,
  "Sweet Ella's passed away."

A lighter step, a gayer laugh,
  Ne'er made existence bright,
A sweeter glance, ne'er made love dance
  To measures of delight.
The flowers she loved neglected fade,
  There is no hand to tend,
The birds sing low, they well did know,
  And miss their merry friend.

'Tis said the maiden died for love—
  For Henry left his home
To follow far his fortune's star
  Across the wild seas' foam.
She watched the gallant vessel drop
  Adown the sunny shore,
But darker night did track its flight,
  And folds it evermore.

Though hope 'gainst dismal truth fought long,
  The truth at length prevailed,
And day by day she pined away,
  Like flower by frost assailed.
And day by day along the shore,
  She heard the dirgeful sea
Sing loud, sing low, one song of woe,
  "He comes no more to thee."

Oh! grasses wave above the grave
  Where now she sleeps so still,
And river go, with dreamful flow,
  The cold sea hath its will.

Her form no more, by sea and shore,
  Adds beauty to the day—
All glory fled, when it was said,
  "Sweet Ella's passed away."

TAKE ME HOME!

"TAKE me home, for I am weary,"
  Said a little child to me,
Sitting 'mid her flowery treasures,
  On the daisy-spangled lea.
"Weary, weary with my walking,
  Weary, weary with my play,
Day is growing faint and fainter,
  Take me home with you, I pray."

"Take me home!" aye! we are children
  In the busy walks of life,
Some are weary with their treasures,
  Some are weary with the strife.
Haply for us if some kind one,
  Wandering on the path we roam,
When the light of life is fading,
  Leads our weary footsteps home.

ASLEEP.

EYES that cannot see by day
One bright star, or cheering ray
Close the weary lids, and rest,
Vision-land shall make thee blest.
Hope shall paint her pictures fair,
"Smooth the wrinkled front of care,"
Give thee all her joys to keep ;
Sleep then, sad one, sweetly sleep.

Heart, that counteth all things lost,
Findeth all endeavours crost,
Flowers, but weeds that taint the air,
Hope's gay promise, sad despair.
Seek the dreamland where dim night
Scatters round her starry light,
Sit no more with grief to weep ;
Sleep, O sad heart! sweetly sleep.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

I STRUCK some random chords last night
  And drifted on from grave to gay,
Until at length I seemed to catch
  The echo of a tender lay
  Sung by a voice now far away.

The echo sweet I followed on
  Through mazy rhythm, changing key,
As one might eagerly pursue
  A bird that flits from tree to tree
  With notes of fitful melody.

At length I seemed to fix the tones,
  And softly whispered, " it is mine,"
And called the vision of a face
  Like some pale crescent moon to shine
  Where star-rays meet and roses twine.

Vibrations sweet of spoken words
  Seemed mingling in the haunting strain :
All untold hopes had found a voice,
  That blending with the sad refrain
  Stilled the quick beating pulse of pain.

And idly now I dropped the reins,
  And freely let my fancy go,
By mountain path, and dewy strath,
  To mingle voice where waters flow
  In dreamy cadence soft and low.

But even then all seemed to change,
  The charm was fleet as fairy spell,
A reflex of the very love
  That blossomed at the matin bell,
  And faded with the evening knell.

I saw, as one who sees it not,
  The brightening flame, the deepening gloc
The ghostly shadows rise and fall
  As to the music, and the room
  Reflecting back my vision's doom.

I felt as one who stands alone,
  And gazing on a picture fair,
Sees tint by tint grow faint and die,
  The cold walls leaving doubly bare
  For having glowed a moment there.

Or as one, standing by the shore
  Oppressed with silence, hears a tone
Of liquid beauty float and swell,
  Then melt away as in a moan,
  Him leaving but more sad and lone.

So died the picture, died the song,
  Linked to a love as sweet and brief,
I may recall the strain again,
  But false and fatal the relief
  Whose very sweetness strengthens grief.

A RUSTIC SEAT.

An oak and elm tree guard the seat,
  And in soft summer weather,
The bird and butterfly go in
  And out the leaves together.
Long, long ago the folk have died
  That in this sweet bower placed it,
And hands that now are cold and still
  With many a letter traced it.

A stone-cast hence you see the stream,
  And catch its quiet numbers,
Like music dropping drowsily
  O'er heart in dreamful slumbers.
And far away the purple hills
  Melt in the hazy distance,
While in the valley farm-steads stand
  The land-marks of existence.

What though the highway comes so near,
  This rustic seat's enchanted,
A magic circle round it lies
  Which love and peace have planted.
A pleasant spot for quiet thought,
  With shade for noontide's glory,
And sweetest trysting place for hearts
  To tell the old, old story.

FAR OR NEAR.

WHEN o'er the hill I took my way,
  And left thy home afar, dear,
Sweet died the light of parting day,
  Soft glowed the evening star, dear.
And on the way that now I tread,
  A silver light still lies, dear,
The last sweet smile affection shed,
  Still lingers in the skies, dear.

And far or near, where-e'er I roam
  Thy heart is ever mine, love;
And blest forever be the home
  That shelters thee and thine, love.

Though time may bring me wealth and fame,
  Or only grief and care, dear,
This constant heart beats still the same
  No matter when or where, dear.

The lights ne'er die from memory's sky
  Affection once did light, dear;
They shine to tell a day is nigh
  When love shall all unite, dear.

And far or near, where-e'er I roam
  Thy heart is ever mine, love;
And blest forever be the home
  That shelters thee and thine, love.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

MUST we ever wear the shackles
  That our fathers forged of yore,
And like children, linger ever
  Anchored to the barren shore;
While the breezy breath of morning
  Blows across the tumbling sea,
And the voice of duty calleth,
  "Leave thy dreams and follow me?"

Shall we stand, with empty pitchers,
  Gazing on Time's rushing tide?
Turn from Wisdom's page and offer
  Life on golden shrines of Pride?
And, while Reason crieth, "Follow,"
  Turn, and take our rest and ease,
Saying, "we are all aweary,
  And thy paths no longer please."

Though achievements high and noble,
  Lie within the Past's domain,
There are bright worlds yet unconquered,
  Nodding fields of golden grain.
Are the reapers so faint-hearted,
  Are their scythes so sheathed in rust,
That they only dreaming, linger
  'Mid the graves of mouldering dust?

Freedom! both in thought and action,
  That is what we seek to find,
Freedom, from all slavish error,
  Freedom, for the heart and mind.
Freedom, that with unclipped pinions,
  We may mount with Truth on high,
Leaving all the gilded cages
  For weak souls that cannot fly.

TO A CHILD IN CHURCH.

CHILD with the clear and sunny brow,
Oh! what a shining text art thou
In life's great sermon!
A lily opening on the stream
That dreams existence but a dream—
And that a fair one.

A butterfly that bursts away
Into the dewy flush of day,
Nor deems the after
Will bring or grief, or care to clip
The radiant wings, or subtly slip
In tears for laughter.

The preacher speaks, and speaks in truth
Of fresh bright early dews of youth,
That still should linger

When years have brought the riper age,
And we have blotted many a page
With careless finger.

But in his words no sound I hear
That brings the vanished spring anear
In fairy lightness;
No freshness of fair bursting thought,
No dewy flower, whose breath is fraught
With dewy brightness.

But in thy face again I see
My vanished youth return to me
In pristine glory,
With grief unsoiled, with care unvext,
A sweet, concise regretful text
That hints a story.

A story of the days that lie
Beneath the rosy fringe of sky
We call our childhood,

When flower, and tree, and rippling brook,
And sunny brae, and shady nook
In dusky wildwood,

Were haunts of thoughts as sweet and fair
As blossoms in the sunny air
That dance and quiver,
When hearts were light as singing birds,
And hopes were launched in happy words
To float forever.

All come again with tender power,
Till every feeling like a flower
Unfolds in beauty,
The freshness of the spring is here,
When love was faith, and truth sincere
Was earnest duty.

Nor yet the years that lie between
The fruitage and the early green
In thought are missing.

They link them to that life of mine,
They grow in childhood's light divine
Still blest and blessing.

(Each good bestowed, each mercy given,
Are steps that lead but nearer heaven ;
Aye ! even sorrow,
Seen in the clearer present, grows
To perfect good, and from that flows
Strength for the morrow.)

And thus a living thought art thou
Of highest truths, and as we bow
As at one altar,
Help us, Oh Father ! to draw near,
With childlike trust, and love sincere
That cannot falter.

Oh ! grant the faith, the grace, and truth
Of early years, may outlive youth
And leave us never ;

And when the day is spent, may we
Still childlike feel we go to Thee
And home for ever.

TO OSCAR. AN OLD DOG.

OSCAR, we called you, though you knew
  Not Ossian, nor his rhymes;
A dog, no hero that e'er grew
  In pre-historic times.
Thy battles fought, no poet sung,
  Thy faith no record tells;
For thee, no death-dirge shall be rung,—
  For thee, no requiem swells.

The heath, where thou so oft hast stept,
  Shall know thy step no more;
The wave, in which thou oft hast leapt
  Unruffled meets the shore.
The stick, that once you made your own
  Can kindle but the flame,
That sparkling brightly, soon is grown
    As transient as thy fame.

Yet for the days that we have seen,
  Those sunny days together,
When summer kindled woods to green,
  Or autumn flushed the heather:
When comrades by the crooning stream,
  You dived among the sedges,
Or lay, as one might lie and dream
  Among the hawthorn hedges.

For all those days, I sing this song
  And weave it round thy fame,
As woodland echoes still prolong
  The sounding of a name.
And for the heart that loved you so,
  Yet loving could not save,
I bid those daisy-fancies grow
  Above your unmarked grave.

PLEASURE IN SONG.

SONGS, once loved, are to us ever
  Linked with all that's pure and bright,
Moments of unsullied pleasure,
  Visions of unclouded light.

When the day lays down its burden,
  When the heart forgets its care,
May you find in verse and music
  Perfumed gusts of heavenly air.

Dreaming with the poet wander,
  Singing with the minstrel stray,
May life be a song, and beauty,
  Truth, and love, thy theme to-day.

A GREETING.

BLUE-EYED darling, charming Spring,
Haste across the sea—
Sunny flowers—and sunny wing
Bring again to me.
Sow the valleys with delight,
Bid the forests ring,
And with fancies airy bright,
I will greet thee, Spring.

I have tracked thy fairy foot
Where the daisies blow ;
And the streamlets long so mute
In soft music flow.
Blue-eyed darling, hearts that grieve
To thee fondly cling ;
And life brightens while we weave
Songs to greet thee, Spring.

A GOD-SPEED.

TO F. W. W.

THE leaves that redden in the autumn sun,
The flowers that wither in the early frost,
The winds that wail for treasures loved and lost
And all that tells our winter has begun,—
Can touch thee not! that into pastures new,
And with a life behind so real and true,
Seek'st to find,—and found a world of books.

Let fortune smile upon the untrod ways,
And scattered seed be bread in after-days,
And all thy sunshine fall from loving looks;
So shall the highway,—and the quiet nooks
Of life,—be redolent with light and praise,
And all the devious ways draw to one end,—
A happy fortune and a faithful friend.

BEATA SEDES.

These words are found on a stone in an old church-yard. It is said the stone was originally the door-step to an adjoining cottage, but the wife dying, the husband closed up the doorway, lifted the stone, and placed it over her grave.

THE cottage stands beside the sea
Deserted and alone;
And only when you reach the door
You miss the stepping-stone.
'Tis set within the church-yard near,
To mark her home of rest,
Whose happy feet in by-gone years
Those tender words have prest.

"Beata sedes." Happy home,
Though our weary feet must roam,
"Beata sedes," comes at last,
All our weary wandering past.

She made her humble fire-side bright
With love's own tender grace,

And many a care-worn heart has felt
The sunshine of her face.
Her name is sweet with kindly deeds
That fill a blessèd past,
And love in faith may breathe the words
That mark her grave at last.

"Beata sedes." Happy home,
Though our weary feet must roam,
"Beata sedes," comes at last,
All our weary wandering past.

IN THE SHADOW.

I SEE it, wife, as in a dream,—
  A happy dream, I'll dream nae mair,—
You, sittin' by the ingle-side,
  I, noddin' in the auld airm-chair.
Hoo often hae I lit the pipe,
  And crooned ower sangs o' ither days;
What happy fancies flickered up
  And bickered in the bonny blaze.
And friends wha gathered to its glow
  Noo sleep sae soun' 'neath alder trees;
The snaw is fa'ing on their graves,
  And ower them soughs the sad, sad breeze.

And weel I mind, when you were young,—
  When you were young,—I, free as air,
When first the sunshine o' your face
  Fell on me at the country fair.
We hadna need to walk a mile,
  We hadna need o' troth or fee,

'Ere love had tethered wi' a smile
  The heart that lo'es noo only thee.

The spring will blaw, ower winter's snaw,
  The daisies ope their gouden ee,
The lark aboon the springing corn
  Will pour its wealth o' melody.
I ne'er shall hear the blithe birds sing,
  Nor pu' the gowan aff the lea,
But I will keep thy faithfu' heart
  Till ye mak heaven a hame to me.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

AH, no! no need of words to tell,
The heart informs itself too well;
And every note you play,
Brings thoughts no language could express,
Feelings, whose perfect happiness,
In music melts away.

The glimpses of ethereal blue—
A sky-lark's song that ripples through—
And breath of opening flowers—
The rustle of bright wings that skim
'Neath arching boughs—the closing hymn
Of birds in twilight hours,

Might well be mingled with each strain;
But still I strive, and strive in vain,
To fix the fleeting thought;

The gushing melodies that start
Bewilder, while they charm the heart,
And words are vainly sought.

What pulse of hope, or ache of love,
The fleet-winged messengers may move
As feeling may translate;
What sob of grief, pang of regret
May come to hearts, when tones are set
With Memory's precious freight.

What solace, too, for fret and care,
For lost desire, and dull despair
Upwells from every song:
Now rocked as on a sea, whose calm
Is broken but by winds of balm,
We lose all sense of wrong.

What folded flowers of fancy part,
And breathe as from their perfumed heart
The incense of sweet rest;

Till past and present stand arrayed
In haloed glories—such as played
O'er Islands of the Blest.

Oh! let not words a fetter weave—
But let us joy, or let us grieve
With passing hope—or fear—
And free as ripple of the stream—
And free as fancies in a dream—
Let music triumph here.

FLOWER PICTURES.

TO J. G. W.

WE have our flowers, but they are born to fade ;
Their perfumed loveliness as summer brief.
And some we have, crushed petal, withered leaf,
Dear unto memory. But thou, with subtler art
Fixest unfading beauty, and in colours, laid
With nicest skill, the tender blossoms start
Into immortal life. Their summer glows
In rainbow tints, and o'er the spirit throws
The glamour of long days and starry nights.
The garden's cultured walks, the woodland ways,
All that the heart can touch, the mind can raise
To pictured loveliness and art delights.
Long may thine art, secure from winter's blight,
Make summer blossom into life and light.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

POET of love and fire—spirit divine
Fraught with the freshness of the stormy sea;
Thy heart laid bare with all its mystery
Throbs with a pulse that wakes the soul in mine.
I feel thy very eyes upon me shine
As though a star gazed through the night to me.

* * * * * * *

Thou, that hast felt the woe, and given to song
The burden of thy sorrow—lo! behold
I feel thy presence, and thy thoughts enfold
My very being. For to thee belong
The key and passport to the hearts that lay
Their dearest hopes with some dead yesterday;
And in thy song they find their blinding tears
Transformed to rainbows arching all the years.

JEANIE'S BLUE EE.

LOVE came to my heart like a bee to the flower,
Love came to my heart like the breeze to the bower;
Gay rovers are they, and a rover was he,
Till caught by the sunlicht o' Jeanie's blue ee.

Oh! barren the moorland, and lowly the cot,
And weary her wanderings, and humble her lot;
But leal is her heart, and the world shines for me,
In the sunlicht that fa's frae my Jeanie's blue ee.

Her form is as lithe as the birch on the brae,
Her voice is as sweet as the skylark's in May;
Let fortune and fame tak the gate and the gee,
If they leave me the sunlicht o' Jeanie's blue ee.

I ASK NOT WHAT HIS NAME MAY BE.

THE crowds go hurrying to the church,
  Let morn be foul or fair;
The bells keep tolling dolefully
  A prelude to the prayer.
And I go wending wearily
  The path I've trod so long,
With but one hope, to see one face
  Amid the motley throng.
For let the day be e'er so bright,
  Or dull with cloud and rain,
There's sunshine every Sunday morn
  That brings him in its train.

I ask not what his name may be,
  Nor of his kith and kin;
I do not even ask to know
  The church that she sits in.
I only ask to see that face
  A moment passing by;

Then bear the pictured loveliness
  Through sermons cold and dry.
For let the preacher preach his best,
  And hymns of praise arise,
The truest benediction falls
  From her unconscious eyes.

And dull and dreary were this life
  If shorn of such romance,
And cold and worthless were the heart
  That warmed not at a glance.
And doubly blest the day must be,
  To which such grace is given,
That gives us on the way to church
  A glimpse of passing heaven.
For let the day be foul or fair,
  The sermon dull or bright,
I carry with me sunny thoughts
  Caught from two eyes of light.

JEANIE O' TAYNESS.

As some sweet thought of summer-time
  Will steal through winter days
To tinge the lagging hours and lend
  A light to darkened ways,
So o'er my dreaming heart to-night
  With power to cheer and bless,
Comes back a sunny thought of thee,
  Sweet Jeanie o' Tayness.

'Tis not the flower on broomy braes
  That now I seem to see,
'Tis not the voice of singing streams
  That witches memory.
But over and above them all,
  Beyond what words express,
Comes back thy face, comes back thy voice,
  Sweet Jeanie o' Tayness.

A NOCTURNE.

As rose-flushed cloud is drifted
  Across the evening sky,
My heart is touched, and lifted
  In gust of melody.

Old feelings and old fancies,
  That to my youth belong,
Once more the heart entrances,
  Once more the notes prolong.

Forgot the lines and spaces,
  That time with discord fills,
I see but old sweet faces,
  Hear but the tone that thrills.

Till dies, like some sweet story,
  The trembling notes away,
My heart forgets the glory
  That on and round it lay.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

THE tears were in my Nellie's eyes,
When last we marched away,
To tuck of drum, and fife's shrill hum,
And shoutings wild and gay.
Adown the street, the tread of feet
Was music to my ear;
For in my heart, the song did start,
I sang to Nellie dear.

"All that we dare, is for the fair,
Who would not fight for you;
My Nellie's eyes, are still the prize
To keep a man's heart true."

What time we crossed the tossing sea,
Her love was still my chart,
The star of home, above the foam,
Still trembled on my heart.

And at the mess, amid the press,
When song and toast went round,
The song alone, I called my own
Still cheerily would sound.

"All that we dare, is for the fair,
Who would not fight for you;
My Nellie's eyes are still the prize
To keep a man's heart true."

Nor tented fields, nor war's alarms,
Would drown the joyous strain;
It nerved the heart, to bear its part,
Through all the long campaign.
And when once more old England's shore
Showed white across the foam,
My heart beat high, for Love and I
Would sing again at home,

"All that we dare, is for the fair,
Who would not fight for you;
My Nellie's eyes are still the prize
To keep a man's heart true."

TO A CAGED BIRD.

THY woodland home is far away,
And yet thy notes are free and gay,
As though in shadow-land of trees
You flung them on the fragrant breeze.

On week days in this busy street,
Thy song is lost 'mid busy feet,
But on the quiet Sabbath morn,
An angel hymn 'tis upward borne.

And often at the quiet hour,
'Ere yet the jangling bells have power
To jar thy music—I have known
A rapture kindred to thine own.

For far beyond the preacher's art
Thy woodland lyrics touch the heart.
Divinely taught, divinely sent,
They preach the gospel of content.

Ah! if our hearts could only be
As sweetly tuned to melody,
The darkest life that fate has given,
Would still breathe harmonies of heaven.

THINE EYES WERE BRIGHT.

THINE eyes were bright, as summer skies,
  When summer skies are brightest;
Thy step was light, as evening dew,
  When evening dew falls lightest.
O'er ferny hill, and bosky dell,
  How merry did we ramble,
And laughed whene'er thy dress was caught
  By wild rose-bush or bramble.

I see you still in fancy's eye,
  A pretty fairy creature,
With sunshine playing "hide and seek,"
  In every dimpling feature.
I see your tresses wildly blown,
  By all the vagrant breezes;
I hear your pretty "really don't,"
  When one too often teases.

I see the stately white house stand,
  That then you used to dwell in ;
I see the swing beside the burn
  That once I really fell in.
I mind me of the happy dreams,
  That made life fair and sunny,
When we should reach the happy goals
  Of coaches, love and money.

Oh ! 'tis not really worth the sigh,
  That all so bright and glowing,
Has sought the limbo, where e'en now
  Our brightest things are going.
Shut up the book, but mark the page,
  And cease all retrospection,
The finer feelings of the heart
  Will never bear inspection.

BY THE FIRE.

'TIS a quiet little corner
By the fire,
When the cares and toils that vex us
All retire;
Such a cosy, snug retreat,
With the sparkle and the heat,
And the host of thoughts that meet
By the fire.

When the bitter storm rages
Down the street,
And I hear the pattering rain, and
Pattering feet,
Oh, how pleasantly I smile
To the ruddy glowing pile,
And bless myself the while,
By the fire.

And when sadly down the chimney
    Moans the wind,
It resolves itself to music
    In my mind,
And I hum some careless lay
Of a vanished yesterday,
While my heart grows light and gay
    By the fire.

And I think the cold December
    Ever seems
The one month above all others
    For sweet dreams;
For the loved and lost I know
Seem to softly come and go,
When the shadows waver low
    By the fire.

Still I see sweet faces glimmer
    In the light,
And a troop of happy fancies
    Taking flight,

While gay hopes in merry guise
Dazzle still my dreaming eyes,
As the vision grows and dies
By the fire.

There's a shining little memory
In each spark
That flutters from the rosy
Into dark,
And a name—I dare but name
Only to the dying flame—
Trembles softly, without blame,
By the fire.

And then all things seem so hopeful
While I gaze,
For the dark grows bright and glowing
In the blaze,
And the blackest bit of coal,
As it brightens with the whole,
Whispers lessons to my soul
By the fire.

Yet when falls some faded ember
    Softly down,
Like a leaf in autumn weather
    Seared and brown,
I recall the days that came
Eager as the rising flame,
But to ashes burned—the same
    As the fire.

And, alas! sad fancies gather,
    While I mark
How the rosy world I kindled
    Groweth dark;
Yet I bless the fading gleam,
Weaving still an idle dream,
Till my life and all things seem
    But a fire.

SONNET.

On Reading *Mortimer Collins; his Life and Friendships.*

THINE was the fresh, free song of bird and breeze,
Of youth and beauty, all that makes life fair;
The dull-eyed grief, or night-bird of despair,
Jarred not thy music, fretting fruitful ease.

So thy gay bark adown soft shining seas
Drifted into the darkness,—so, Time's hand shall
spare
The dainty garlands tossing here and there,
And Fame (dull laggard) shall make much of these.

And when the heart aweary and opprest
Shall sigh for fresher gales with perfume fraught,
Then shall it turn to thy sweet flower-like thought,
And in a spring-world lose its winter gloom—
E'en as the bird that seeks its woodland nest,
And folds its wing amid the sunny bloom.

IN THE NIGHT.

I GO—but who shall follow,
  Oh! who shall follow me?
The lights are dim on the quiet shore,
  The night hangs o'er the sea.

On rocks the black wave breaketh,
  The winds through tall trees moan,
And out to night and darkness,
  I go—and go alone.

I know a heart is breaking,
  Yes, breaking for my sake,
I feel the sleep steal o'er me,
  From which I ne'er shall wake.

And soon the morning sunlight,
  As softly here shall fall,—
God grant a morn shall find me
  In that night that waits for all.

OLD LETTERS.

IN FADED form—to me ye still retain
The freshness of a youth that lies behind;
And link by link I lift the golden chain
That seemed long parted, yet hath power to bind

Ah! tender memories, and wishes kind,
And hopes that breathe like some far distant strain
Oh! hands long severed ne'er to meet again,
I feel your touch, and in that meeting find
A solace for all weariness and pain.

Old letters—yea, Old Friends, I greet ye here
As some sweet relics of a faith long dead;
As though spring kissed autumnal leaves all sear,
So bright your fading characters appear
When in the light of fond affection read.

TO HERRICK.

HERRICK, I will live with thee,
One in heart and melody.
Leaving all the tangled lays
Strewn across our modern ways—
Herrick, I will live with thee,
One in heart and melody.

Thou shalt sing me lays that bring
Freshness of the budding spring,
Flower and bird, and joy of May
Shall be with me in thy lay;
Love, that lives for love alone,
I shall hear in every tone.
And while thus you softly pipe,
I shall dream lips "cherry ripe,"
Kiss my eyes, while fairy charms
Soothe me in sweet Julia's arms.

Nut-brown maid and nut-brown ale
I shall have me without fail,
Marigold and gilliflower
I shall strew around my bower,
Roses, too, I will have set—
Lily, tulip, violet,
Carnation, primrose, shall be mine,
And "essences of jessamine."

Lightly fleet the laughing hours
To such measures, 'mong such flowers,
Old world dreams and old world rhymes
Shall bring back the old sweet times
While I drift in melodies
To thine own Hesperides.

SO TIRED.

"So tired, so tired," the old man said,
    Life's fire is burning low,
So long the weary journey's been
    There's little left to go.
And they who walked the way with me,
    Have dropped off one by one,
They sleep so sound, I envy them
    Their rest and labour done.

Ah! once it seemed as all the way
    Would lie in sunny light,
A loving hand then pressed my own,—
    Where rests it now to-night?
So cold's my heart—the very snows
    With summer warmth seem fired:
Good God, send thy beloved sleep,
    For I am tired—so tired.

THE LONELY TRYST.

SHE keeps a lonely tryst to-night
Beneath the old oak tree,
Where years ago—come weal, come woe,
He pledged his fealty.

A conscious look have stars above,
And conscious voice the stream,
And winds that moan, through forests lone,
Have whispers of a dream.

A dream that came, a dream that went,
A dream that could not stay;
And yet a dream, whose sunny beam
Colours the sad to-day.

And is he false, or is he dead,
That here she wanders lone?
Alas! the years, so wet with tears,
Have answered not her moan.

And so a lonely tryst she keeps,
For memories sad and drear
Alone shall meet her weary feet,
And give her greeting here.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

AND wilt thou sigh to leave the hills,
  The woodlands, and the streams,
That Love hath gladdened with his smile,
  And hallowed with his dreams?
The corn is bound in golden sheaf,
  The year is in the wane,
And yellow is the trembling leaf,
  And past the roses' reign.

I gaze across the stubble fields,
  I gaze across the sea,
The shadows of the coming night
  O'er heart and all things be.
Yet winter's self were beautiful
  And life an endless spring—
If Love had never sung his song,
  Nor ever spread his wing.

THE MILL-STREAM.

DOWN the hill, down the hill,
To the mill, to the mill,
Singing, and never still,
On runs the stream.
In and out, out and in,
Making a pleasant din;
See the bright eddies spin
Round in a dream.

In the shade, in the shade,
Sitteth a pretty maid,
Smiling and ne'er afraid,
Asketh the stream,
"Whence come you, streamlet bright,
Where shalt thou rest to-night,
What hope makes thy delight?
Tell me, Oh! stream."

Then the stream rippling on
Murmured the happy song
Laughingly growing strong,
As on it fled.
"Kissed by the sunny beam,"
Thus sang the happy stream,
"Born in a flowery dream,
Thither I fled."

"Where the rocks bar my way,
Lichened with mosses grey,
Fling I my silver spray
Lightly and bright.
But near, I know, for me
Waits the wide unknown sea—
As life awaiteth thee—
Sweet one,—good night."

REST.

REST, rest, Oh! heart—for all things sleep,
Save hearts that mourn, and eyes that weep;
Though care may linger at thy door,
And sorrow cast its shadow o'er;
Ah, rest, rest, heart of mine.

Let fancy weave for thee her flowers,
And memory in the twilight hours
Sing soft and low, the song that brings
Sweet thoughts; and as she sweetly sings,
Dream, dream, Oh! heart of mine.

Rest, rest! the burden of the day
Is hard to bear—the weary way
Is long to travel—but there lies
A sense of peace neath darkening skies,
Then rest, oh! heart of mine.

AFTERMATH.

OH! waning year, bind up thy sheaves
  Of happy hours that swiftly fly!
Now yellow are the falling leaves,
  Now dull and gray the pallid sky.
The summer's come—the summer's gone,—
  Her song is hushed forever here;
A few sad flowers are left alone
  To tell how sweet she was, how dear.

Bind thou the gather'd sheaves, Oh Love!
  Lest winter fold them in her shroud:
'Tis not the cooing of the dove,
  But weary winds that pipe so loud.
Yet mourn thou not with vain regret,
  The faded flower, the silent strain,
The joy of summer has not set,
  For gathered is our golden grain.

WHISPERINGS OF SONG.

As through the trees the summer breeze
Whispers in rhythmic rhyme,
I hear the beat of moments sweet,
And songs of olden time.

They come from ways of other days,
Those messengers of light;
And flutter round the haunted ground
They make the dark paths bright.

The clouds uplift, the shadows drift
Before their sunny wing,
And soft and low, with tender flow,
I list the songs they sing.

COMRADESHIP.

To A. C. W.

THINE is no friendship of the varying year,—
A pleasant cadence to a happy song,—
A genial comrade in the sunshine clear,—
Or chance acquaintance in the city throng.
To thee my earliest memories belong.
The hopes—the aspirations—that make dear
The hours that time and fate can never sear.

Though ways diverge, and interests diverse grow,
One link, long formed, still holds the lengthening
chain;
And year by year we only live to know
How firm the rivet that withstands the strain.
Old friend—true friend—let friendship still retain
Its master-hold—and with the poet feel
'Tis grappled to our hearts with hooks of steel.

A CITY FLOWER.

NOT where the daisy
  Smiles at your feet,
Lives my dear maiden,
  Charming and sweet.
But where the city's
  Bustle and roar
Ebbeth and floweth
  From shore to shore.

Not as the song-bird
  Tuneth his note
In shady woodlands,
  Sweet and remote.
But like a melody
  Heard 'mid the throng,
Her words are music—,
  Her voice a song.

Why! tender blossom,
  Drift with a tide
Wild in its turmoil,
  Chilling and wide?
Out from its coldness,
  Snatched from its foam,
This heart be ever
  Haven and home!

MY GIFT.

SOME may give a lock of hair,
Some a flower of fading splendour,
Some may give a trinket rare,—
Billet-doux so sweet and tender.
Some may give thee many a vow,
Breathing passion deep and tragic,
Praising eyes, and cheeks, and brow,
All thy beauty, all thy magic.

I can only breathe a song
Not too tender—or romantic,
For love never can grow strong
With a passion wild and frantic.
Surely there is depth in calm,
Surely there is strength in reason,—
And the wind that brings us balm
Never can blow out of season.

Let the breeze then waft thee this,—
With the evening star above thee,
Breathing all my hope and bliss,
Whispering softly how I love thee.
Lightly take the song I sing,
Though it miss its sweet endeavour,
Memories to thy heart 'twill bring,
Of a heart that loves thee ever.

ELSIE.

LICHENED is the crumbling wall,
There the brown leaves whirling fall,
Bleak, bleak, is the weather.
There beside the moss-grown stone,
Sitteth Elsie all alone,
Heeding not the weather.
What hath made the young cheek pale?
Not the chill breath of the gale;
What hath made the sad tears rise?
Not the dark clouds in the skies,
Boding wintry weather.

No! though seasons go and come,
Though song wakes—or woods be dumb,
She heeds not the weather;

Yet it soothes her, this wild blast,
And the brown leaves round her cast,
More than sunny weather.
For when days are long and bright,
They but taunt with lost delight,
They but mind her of the days
When she listened to his praise,
In the bright, bright weather.

Arthur's voice joins with the stream,
Rippling through its summer dream,
In the sunny weather.
Arthur's song is in the breeze,
Whispering through the hazel trees,
And the purple heather.
He but came a summer hour
To the bonny glens o' Gower,
Painter, poet, he was gay,
Through the summer holiday,
Through the bright, bright weather.

And when chance had led him where
Ferny Cottage nestles fair
'Mong the elms and beeches,

With the cadence of a tune
Heard beneath the rising moon,
Love his gay heart reaches.
Words come quick when bright eyes meet,
Stolen walks are passing sweet;
Love grows bold in woodland bowers,
Hearts expand with summer flowers—
So experience teaches.

And I trow this happy chance
Wove the woof of life's romance,
In a fairy fable;
And the happy moments flew,
Sparkling with the diamond dew,
Of a joy unstable.
Pictured fancies filled his brain,
Tender dreamings voiced a strain,
And in lapsing waves that beat
To a music low and sweet,
Love grew all—but stable.

And fair Elsie—she who dreamed
All things were as all things seemed,
Drifted down the river,

Giving all her pure heart's gold
For a careless hand to hold,—
Giving it forever.
Faith—that looked with stedfast eye
To a bright unclouded sky,
Love—whose rippling waters start
Inexhaustless from a heart
True and loyal ever.

Wherefore did that summer fleet,
Treading down with hasty feet,
All her wealth of roses.
Wherefore did the autumn brown
Toss aside the flowery crown,
'Mong the withered roses.
And O why did Arthur fly,
With the sunshine of the sky,
And amid the hurried strife,
Cease to dream one tender life,
On his faith reposes.

One brief letter—and no more,
Marked the summer dream was o'er,
Faded with the roses.

And the winter harsh and rude,
Storming through the naked wood,
Found but withered roses,
Found but Elsie trusting on,
When the wintry days were gone,
He would come with brighter skies,
And the old bright love arise,
'Mid the flush of roses.

But when to her garden bowers,
Came the flowering, singing hours,
Came the radiant roses,
Elsie wistfully would gaze
Through the long bright summer days,
Through the reign of roses.
But young Arthur bright and gay
Made no summer holiday,
Left the sweetest woodland flower,
Fading 'mong the glens o' Gower,
'Mong the woods and roses.

So beside the crumbling wall,
Where the brown leaves whirling fall,
'Mid the bleak, bleak weather,

Sits poor Elsie all alone,
Neither making sign nor moan,
Heeding not the weather.
And the seasons go and come,
The song wakes, or woods be dumb,
She remembers but the hours,
That once flushed her world with flowers,
In love's golden weather.

She remembers but the glow,
Making all the long ago,
With bright rose-tints quiver;
But now makes the sad to-day,
Dashed with cloud-drifts dark and grey,
And bleak winds that shiver.
Come, O Time! and heal the smart
Of a sad deluded heart;
Pour thy balm, and bring bright hours,
Bring back sunshine, bring back flowers,—
Or bring rest for ever.

CUPID IN CHURCH.

WITHIN the church that Sunday morn,
  We sat the service through,
And if I felt the least devout,
  'Twas looking, sweet, at you.
Thy voice was ringing in my heart
  Through all the prosy chanting—
Ah! if I had but spoken then,
  Would the response been wanting?

'Tis past!—I hear the organ peal—
  I see the people going—
We rise—you pass—how much of love
  Goes with you, there's no knowing.
The day seems dull, yet round me still
  A sunny warmth is clinging;
The organ's silent, but I hear
  A voice forever singing.

YOUR HEART AND SONG.

YOUR heart and song together go,
  And both are lost in air,—
If I recall the melody,
  Will love still linger there?
The random notes that through my heart
  Are floating, dear, to-night,
Have dropped I doubt the precious freight
  E'en on their hour of flight.

A rose, a shred of ribbon,
  A tiny tress of hair,
Were something far more tangible
  Than love thus breathed on air.
But if your heart and song must go
  Together to the end;
Let my life make the harmony
  That bears them both, sweet friend.

THOUGH 'TWAS ONLY A VOICE SOFTLY TRILLING.

It was out in the mist and the rain, here,
  As over the railings I leant,
That the notes of a much hackneyed strain, here,
  A magical influence sent.
As the firelight was flushing and paling,
  The gloom took a roseate hue,
And with sweet thoughts my fancy went sailing
  'Neath skies that were sunny and blue.

Though 'twas only a voice softly trilling
  A common-place ballad I know,
Yet the notes through my heart still are thrilling
  With tremulous airy-like flow.
And I dream of the minstrel, and linger
  Alone 'mid the mist and the rain,
Till the notes shall be kissed by her finger,—
  Her voice re-awaken the strain.

POSSESS THY HEART IN PEACE.

POSSESS thy heart in peace,—the snow
  That covers close thy garden plot,
But warms the roots, till breezes blow
  With spring-time warmth around the spot.

Possess thy heart in peace,—the tide
  That leaves thee waiting by the foam
Returns, and soon thy bark shall glide,
  And every wave bear nearer home.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

I MET me a friend in the furrowed ways,
  And hailed as we passed along,
But paused not to talk, for the brief bright days
  Left little for smile or song.

Yet sometimes I think with a sad regret,
  My harvest will prove less sweet,
If the friend in the early spring I met,
  In the end I shall no more meet.

THE WAY THAT LEADS TO THEE.

I REMEMBER how rough was the way, love,
  That led to thy home by the sea ;
But it seemed like a pathway of roses,
  Because it was leading to thee.
Since then, though my way was a rough one,
  'Twas rougher and darker to me,
For every step now I was taking,
  But led me the further from thee.

But the longest way must have a turning,
  The roughest one smooths to an end ;
Who knows in the future perhaps, dear,
  Our paths near, and nearer may tend.
So a music comes up from the past, dear,
  With breath of the old singing sea,
And I dream once again I am treading
  A path that is leading to thee.

FURROWS ON THE SAND.

GREY sands, stretched in the evening's dying light,
  And wrinkled where but late the waters played,
  And rippling waves a soft low music made—
How lone and sad you wait the coming night.

I see the billows flashing far away,
And white sails tossing o'er the breezy bay;
But thou, like hearts that have been ploughed by
    care,
Canst hear but music of lost time afar
Chanting its wonted song to moon and star
With mirth that mocks thy sad and wan despair.

Ah! cold grey sands, like age all furrowed o'er
With waves that spent their force, and ebbed for-
    lorn,
Shall no fair morning flush along the shore,
And joyous waters greet the flush of morn?

BY THE SEA.

WE gazed into the world that lay
Beyond the golden verge of day,
A world of dreams from whose bright shore,
The winds a whispered message bore.

The flowers around were wet with dew,
One star had kindled in the blue,
While at our feet the stream sang still
The music of the purple hill.

With rhythmic beat, and rippled flow,
The bright waves smote the rocks below;
While circling 'mid the hazy blue,
With many a cry the sea-birds flew.

The sense of perfect calm and rest
Fell with the glory of the West,
And Nature and our hearts in tune,
Waited the rising of the moon.

For, Oh! how sweet it was to stand
One moment on enchanted land,
To feel that life had perfect grown,
And all the present was our own.

TO MARY.

REMEMBER, sweet Mary, the hour when we parted,
The silent farewell that you waved from the door;
For still thy fond smile, and thy love so true-hearted,
Shall brighten my darkness, and hallow this shore.
In memory thy beauty shall live with the gladness
Of night's starry splendour, and day's sunny light,
And naught of the winter of parting and sadness
Shall shadow the love that I leave thee to-night.

Oh! sweet be thy home by the stream and the meadow,
Let peace nestle close to thy heart as my love,
Let this be the sunshine that chases the shadow—
The star of thy night shining softly above.

And when the dear spring-time again shall awaken
Its fountain of music, its sunlight of flowers,
Like bird that has wandered—but never forsaken,—
I'll come once again to thy heart and thy bowers.

COMPENSATIONS.

HAD it not been for clouds above,
  How had we missed our sunset gold ;
Had it not been for cross in love,
  Half of our joys were left untold.

For every wintry flake of snow,
  Lo ! smiling flowers bedeck the green,
And icy chains but swell the flow
  Of streams that laugh in rainbow sheen.

E'en from the hidden root of grief
  We draw a sap to nurture bliss,
And from our partings, sad and brief,
  Springs forth the tear that wooes the kiss.

MARJORIE.

NOT from the rose-hung lattice,
  Not from the terraced slopes,
Love flung to me with witching smile
  The ladder of my hopes.
But where an humble cottage
  Stands by the sounding sea,
My heart was caught as in a net,
  By lovely Marjorie.

Though lightly dance the ripples
  That kiss the shining sand,
Though lightly blow the winds that waft
  The fisher's boat to land,
Yet lightly, far more lightly,
  Trips o'er the daisied lea,
My blue-eyed little darling,
  My charming Marjorie.

This sea-shell that she gave me,
  Fresh from its wave-washed home,
Is not more pure, keeps not more true
  The music of the foam,
Than this fond heart will cherish,
  Wherever it may be,
The truth and purity of love
  To bonny Marjorie.

MARRIED.

So you are married! I am not
  At all astonished at the fact;
Now surely there was something rare
About your form, about your air,
  To keep your memory so intact.

I quite remember all the charm
  That clothed you in the far-off years,
When you were young, and I was young,
And Love and Life together sprung
  Into a world of hopes and fears.

Nor was it still so very sad
  To drift apart 'ere love was blown,
To feel no frosty breath of blight—
To keep a memory pure and bright
  In gardens where no grief is sown.

To find you in the shining past
  For ever young, for ever fair—
So far away that time and chance
Can strip no charm from the romance,
  Can strike no dart of sorrow there.

To find you grown a sentiment
  Set in a frame of summer flowers,
With nothing real except a name
That now, alas! has gone the same
  As early dreams and early hours.

Yet tenderly I lay that name
  With other relics far apart;
This little paragraph I'll read
What time my rhyme would run to seed
  Or fancy spur a wayward heart.

For it is better after all
  That little here is left behind;
Ideals seldom lose their throne
When nothing of the real is known,
  The past is sure—let love be blind.

RETURN TO ME.

RETURN to me, return to me,
The day is dark without thy light,
And memory whispers but of thee
In lonely vigils of the night.

The flowers but breathe thy cherished name,
The stars they look with thy dear eyes,
The winds that blow from these sweet vales
Are burdened with my longing sighs.

Return, return, the spring is here,
But where art thou who made it dear;
Its songs have but this one refrain,—
"Return, return to me again."

Return to me, return to me,
And bring again the vanished hours.
The summer lingering waits for thee,
And grieves thy stay in alien bowers.

Return, the old sweet songs we'll sing,
The old dear paths we'll wander o'er,
And love shall fold his truant wing
Nor wander from our own bright shore.

WEDDING SONG.

SPRING it was and April showers
Glistened on the opening flowers;
Sunbeams flickered softly through
Rifted cloud—the skylark flew
Towards the clear and liquid blue,
When the wind through budding limes
Wafted on sweet marriage chimes.

Two young sisters, sweet and fair
As the blossoms in the air,
Were to wed that happy morn;—
And the blossoms bowed and bent
As the soft winds came and went
And a joyous sound was borne
Where I listened mid the limes
To the sweet low marriage chimes.

"Oh, Margrette, Margrette," they cried,
"Ah, Lisette, Lisette," they sighed,
Till the echoes caught the tone
In a music of their own;
And the happy flowers were bent
As the dear names came and went.
Through the whispering line of limes
Stirred the low sweet marriage chimes.

And I heard the soft refrain
Half with pleasure, half with pain,
For their loves were linked to hours,
And their names were traced in flowers;
And I prayed their paths might know
But the sunlight and the glow—
And the sound of marriage chimes
Echoed on through budding limes.

A SUNDAY BONNET.

DEAR bonnet, in thy circling gloom
  I dream that nestling lie
A crescent brow, a dimpled chin,
  And blue bewitching eye.
How soft the tresses seem to sleep
  Beneath your quiet shade,
While tiny ringlets shyly peep
  Out from the rich brocade.
Sweet dove-like plumes, enchanting hat,
  Oh! tell me who is she,
Whose dainty head you softly press
  With saint-like modesty.

PERCHANCE.

There is a chamber in my heart
  I garnish for thy sake,
And flowers and fancies with nice art
I gather still, and set apart
  Till thou shalt dwelling take.

Nor distance severs love from love,
  The rays meet and unite,
Perchance we near and nearer move,
And clouds between—may yet dissolve
  In morning's cheerful light.

IN THE SUNSET.

THE sunshine lies athwart the fields,
  And o'er the dusky lake
A wayward shaft, a shining track
  Doth for a moment make.

Like that same shaft of liquid light
  Thy memory comes to me—
Though warmth is gone, it lingers on
  An image sweet of thee.

NOW FOR LAUREL, PLANT WE RUE.

NOW for laurel, plant we rue—
  Sing we songs of weary plaint
For that love's no longer true
  And the sweet hours pause and faint.

Roses wither, and the shade
  Of the autumn tinges all;
Let us fly the saddening glade
  'Ere the winter spread its pall.

Fly the birds from cottage eaves
  O'er the grey sea's whitening fringe;
Fall the crisp and crimsoned leaves
  Deepening in their russet tinge.

Sweet to meet, and sad to part,
  Sing we dirges soft and low—
Yet had love but touched your heart
  We had never parted so.

IN MEMORIAM M. M. W.

OBIIT MDCCCLXXXI.

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry."

NOT by this mound of earth
  Shall Memory take her seat—
But by the household hearth
  Where true hearts fondly meet.

A home you made—a home
  And shrine it shall remain
Where Love and Hope may come
  And bend as at a fane.

Gone—yet the spirit, breathed
  Through all the vanished hours,
Remains—thy life, bequeathed,
  All future life endowers.

Oh, restful death!—thy sleep
  Is sweet with work well done—
Our stars still vigil keep—
  For thee, the day is won.

WHERE GRASSES WAVE.

REST, softly rest—
  Care comes not nigh
Nor griefs that sigh
  With aching breast.
Ah! here is peace,
  Life's troubles cease
Where grasses wave
O'er quiet grave,—
    Rest, rest.

Sleep, soundly sleep!
  The wakeful bird
Alone is heard,—
  Save winds that bring
Low murmuring
  To fretful leaves
In summer eves.

The wan stars peep,
  The sad dews weep,—
The weary hours in shadow creep,
  Then sleep, Oh! sleep.

I WILL PRAISE MY LADY.

I WILL praise my lady,
  I will praise her so
That the ice stream of her love
Shall be melted, and shall move
  As through valleys shady
  Dancing waters flow.

I will speak her tender,
  I will sing her warm,
Till the love-flame of my breast
Fills her own with sweet unrest,
  Till she will surrender
  Love's all-magic charm.

I will praise my lady,
  I will praise her so
Though the years may come and go
  And love's waters ebb and flow,

Ours shall only swell and grow
  Where the vales are shady
And the cool winds blow.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS STEALS A SHADOW.

HAPPY moments softly drifting,
  Softly drifting with the sun,
Seek the golden western haven,
  And the stars when day is done.

For her sweet words fall as music—
  Music low, and music deep—
Leading to the world of fancies,
  Soothing in the land of sleep.

Life is hard, and care is pressing
  On the heart that loved her so;
Long have been the ways that parted,
  But they lead to her, I know.

Through the shadows steals a shadow
  White and pale—yet nearer drawn
On her cheeks the rose of morning
  Flashes in a happy dawn.

A WOODLAND HOME.

WE raced along the iron rail,
  And still the distance grew,
Until the city's smoky dome
  Heaved dimly into view.

Gray grew the green, the blue died out,
  The winds seemed now less free,
But all the sunshine could not die,—
  It lived in thoughts of thee.

And through the busy streets, amid
  The babble of the mart,
The quiet of thy woodland home
  Still rested on my heart.

The music of the tossing trees,
  The low song of the sea,
The melody of whispered words
  Lived on, in thoughts of thee.

LOVE TIRLED AT THE WINDOW.

LOVE tirled at the window,
  Love tirled at the door,—
I said, "E'en let the loon depart,
  He's cheated me afore."

He sang an old Scotch ballad
  Upon a minor key,—
And aye the o'ercome seemed to wail,
  "Oh, Jessie! ope tae me."

"Guid-sake," I cried, "thy music
  Is unco oot o' tune;
Gae back the gate ye cam'—yer breath's
  A cloud afore the moon."

The snaw has happed the garden,
  The frost is on the lea—
But spring will first come tae yer sang
  'Ere Jessie ope to thee."

I heard departing footsteps
  Gang crisp across the snaw,
I heaped the fire—and murmured,
  "'Tis weel Love's gane awa."

Yet aft, when years had withered
  My young heart and its glee,
I sighed as sair for pairted Love
  As e'er he sighed for me.

A SYMPHONY.

ALLEGRO.

QUICK with the breath of spring,
  Whisper of leaves, flutter of flowers—
Dash and flash of fleeting hours,
  And glint of swallow's wing.

  How smooth the movement flows,
    The bud bursts to the rose,
  And the streamlet laughing goes
        To the sea.

ANDANTE.

Soft, and with cadenced fall,
    Flows the melody.
Love lingers long and bright
Where the stars gaze—and the light
Of the moon, two hearts enthrall
In mystic charm of night.

A pulse of tender pain
Now palpitates the strain—
The flowers are drowsed in sleep,
    The nightingale is heard—
    Is it spirit—is it bird?
    And the leaves are lightly stirred
To music low and deep.

MINUET.

Hands meet—as hearts have met—
And the stately minuet
    Holds its way.
The music sinks and swells
To chime of marriage bells
That happiness foretells
    To this day.

PRESTO.

On, and forever on,
Now swifter moves the song,
    In a whirl of delight
    Day flashes into night,
    Night brightens into day—

As the Fates their music play.
And the closing chords but bring
Tender music from the string,
Till with love's own sweetness blest
Sinks the happy heart to rest.

SLUMBROUS DAYS.

DRIFT down the haze
Of slumbrous days,
  Oh, Autumn! sweet and dear,
And we will raise
A song of praise
  'Ere yet thy woods are sear.

Lone by the stream
Thou'lt sit and dream
  To music soft and low,—
And moon shall beam,
And stars shall gleam
  Where thy pale asters grow.

We'll sing of spring,
Whose sunny wing
  Hath flitted o'er the sea;
Of summer sing—
Whose blossoming
  Is but a dream to thee.

And we will raise
A song of praise
  'Ere yet thy woods be sear,
While through the haze
Of nights and days
  You track the flying year.

QUESTIONINGS.

WHAT is the end of it all?
  Is it only a youth of happy dreams,
  A murmur of woods, a ripple of streams,
A flutter of wings, a musical call—
And the vision lost in a sudden fall?

Is it only the touch of a loving hand,
  A sunny glance from a laughing eye,
  A trail of beauty that passes by,
A blossom found on the barren sand,
A wounded hope, and a broken band?

Is it only a striving to heights that ne'er
  Our feet shall press—for a fading name
  Haloed a moment by sudden fame,
Dying away to a pale despair,
And a heart that beats with a hidden care?

Is it only a mound with grass o'ergrown,
  Which few may mark, and none will heed
  Whither the tenant by word or deed
In the little all of his life was known—
Is this the end—and this alone?

SUNSET SONG.

THE day drifts down the western slopes,
The hills are all aflame,
The wind alone shall hear my hopes,
The flowers alone thy name.
The conscious stars above shall burn
To watch thy coming, sweet,
And if but once thy heart shall turn,
Love's self shall guide thy feet.

Oh! woodland paths, whose arching boughs
Have whispered o'er the past,
If ye remember half the vows
That bound the maiden fast,
I pray ye that when e'er her foot
Shall press your mosses more,
Oh! gently whisper of my suit,
And tell the sweet tale o'er.

And if no more her heart recall
My passion and my pain,
And every tender accent fall
Upon her ear in vain,
Hush every note—and fling thy leaves
Around her wandering feet,—
If summer bright the heart deceives,
What hope shall autumn greet.

LOVE FUGITIVE.

SHE was a fairy laughing girl
  As sportive as the wind;
She shook the blossoms of a heart,
  Alas! too softly kind.
By woody path and flowery mead
  How merrily she ran,
And glancing smilingly to me,
  Cried, "Catch me if you can."

And when the bud of early days
  Became the perfect flower,
What sunny hopes and fond desires
  Breathed sweetness to each hour.
While still with witching grace she seemed
  To follow the old plan,
And in the sterner race of life,
  Smiled, "Catch me if you can."

Alas! another caught the prize
  I fondly deemed my own,
And now I only chase in dreams
  A chance forever flown.
But still the fortune of the boy
  Clings closely to the man—
And fame and fortune laughing cry,
  "Come, catch me if you can."

EVENTIDE.

THE moonlight floods the quiet street,
  The stars gaze calmly down,
Hushed is the sound of passing feet,
  The tumult of the town.

The strife and strivings of the day
  Can vex the heart no more—
The tide of life has ebbed away,
  And sleep waits at our door.

WOODLAND SONG.

In starry light, in silver gleam,
By grassy wood and woodland stream,
With nodding flower and rustling tree
We dance and make sweet melody.
    Sweet melody, sweet melody,
      The merry notes prolong—
    While mortals sigh, Ah, well-a-day!
      Be ours the jocund song.

Our kingdom is a realm that lies
Beneath the dome of starry skies,
And whispering winds our banners wave
By dewy lea and mossy cave.
    While melody, sweet melody,
      The merry notes prolong—
    Let mortals sigh, Ah, well-a-day!
      Be ours the jocund song.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

WHEN norland winds with drifting snow
  Blow o'er the cheerless lea,
When scarce the sun peeps o'er the hill
  Our still white world to see,
Think of the needy pensioners
  That gather round your door,
Who had no swallow wings to fly
  To some sweet sunny shore;
Who linger, true of heart, with note
  More eloquent than words;
Then gather up the crumbs that fall,
  And feed the hungry birds.

Remember how their spring-time songs
  Shall wake the early year,
When daisies star your grassy plots,
  And primroses appear.

Remember, too, the Bounteous Hand
  That spreads thy table wide,
That from a grateful heart you may
  For helpless ones provide.
Oh! kindly words are sweet to hear,
  But deeds are more than words;
And deeper truths thy heart may learn
  From kindness to the birds.

EMPTY.

THE old house stands, and the garden
  Looks bright on this sweet June day;
But the angel that made it an Eden—
  The angel has vanished away.
The streamlet goes singing and singing
  As brightly and lightly along,
But, oh! for the steps 'mong its alders,
  And, oh! for the voice like a song.

The hills melt away in the distance—
  The distance so sunny and blue;
The wind blows a waft of the roses—
  The roses that blossom anew.
A bird from the old elm keeps singing—
  The elm that stands by the door;
A voice from the past it keeps ringing—
  The past that returns nevermore.

Ah! where is the glow and the rapture
  That woke the light heart of the boy,
That set every moment to pleasure,
  And danced to the measures of joy?
All lost with the years that are faded,
  All vanished away like a dream,
And the voices now waking the echoes
  Are those of the bird and the stream.

IN MEMORIAM M. R. B.

OBIIT MDCCCLXXXV.

OH! voice that was the music of our days,
Oh! eyes that were the light of all our ways,
Oh! heart whose all-embracing love was given
To clasp our lives, and waft them on to heaven,
We cannot think thee gone!
We who now bend
Above thy grave, our mother and our friend.—
Not gone! not gone!
E'en in the dark eclipse
That holds thine eyes the silence of thy lips—
The eternal silence—hath not power to part
The soul from soul, and all thou wert and art.

Still near us, near us, on the self-same way
The widowed heart must wander day by day,
Still sitting near us in the evening light,
A gracious presence, sanctifying night.

Whate'er the surface ripples of life be,
Deep in our lives the current sets to thee.
Thy power still powerful, aye, more powerful grown,
Lifts our poor lives to levels never known,
And in the impulse of thy higher sphere
Draws us still upwards and to thee more near.
Ah, blessed faith! ah, sweet inspiring creed!
With such a memory life is rich indeed.

WORN OUT.

I REMEMBER him well in the prime of his manhood,
No goodlier fellow e'er entered the fray;
How he struck for the right, how he succoured the fallen,
How he bore without flinching the heat of the day.

He gathered not riches, yet fed on his bounty
Full many sleek comrades played out their poor part;
Poor soul! had he only but pierced to the kernel,
What dry empty shells he had found every heart.

Now worn with the conflict, he seeks but the shadow
Where sleep may fall soft on eyes heavy and dim;
The roar of the battle, the shout of the victor,
The song and the laurel are nothing to him.

Ah! when we shall smoothe for his head its l
pillow,
And lay him away with the good and the bra
The love that he gathered above him shall blosso
The laurel he wore not above him shall wave.

MYSIE MAY.

OH! Mysie May cam' ower the lea,
  And sweetly was she singing,
Wi' simmer glintin' in her e'e,
  And wild flowers roun' her springing;
And as she sang o' Yarrow braes,
  The bonny braes o' Yarrow,
I sighed how sweet would be its ways
  Wi' sic a winsome marrow.

There's naething like a Scottish sang
  To set the young heart dancing;
There's naething like a bonny lass
  To set the heart romancing;
And aye she sang the sweet refrain
  Aboot the braes o' Yarrow,
And aye I echoed back the strain
  Aboot a winsome marrow.

Ah! sweetly fleets the glowing hour
  When love is ower us winging,
When hope beneath the birchen bower
  Joins in the tender singing.
I never saw sweet Yarrow braes,
  The bonny braes o' Yarrow,
But I hae won sweet Mysie May
  To be my winsome marrow.

TO JOHN BURROUGHS.

How sweet with thee to walk the woodland ways,
  And hear the merry flutings of the birds
  Translated into music of thy words;
To feel the growing glory of the days
  Grow still more spring-like with the subtle charm
  Of glowing language,—and the insect swarm,
And timid creatures of the sylvan scene
Drawn nearer to us by thy insight keen.

That may not be, but surely in thy books
We find thyself, so that the rippling brooks,
The rustling music of the bending trees,
And nestling wild-flowers and soft humming bees
Are dearer as, in sweet familiar talk,
Thy gentle presence joins our woodland walk.

SAIL ON, TRUE HEART

SAIL on, true heart! sail on,
  Though the valley-land may be
Shining in the evening light
  Like a dream of memory.
There's a goal that must be reached,
  And a land that must be won,
Ere the struggling heart may rest,
  And the weary toil be done.
Where the star of promise shines
  Lies the home for which you long;
Through the shadow and the night,
  Sail on, true heart, sail on.

There are hearts that trust their fate
  To the guiding of your hand;
There are timid ones who wait
  For the voice of thy command.

Through the stress of wind and wave,
  Through the gloom of night and dread,
By thy courage they are strong,
  By thy stedfast faith are led.
    Sail on, true heart, sail on.

FLY ON, O TIME!

FLY on, O Time! and do thy worst,
  Thou canst not wrest away
The fairer flower, the purer love,
  That cheer our sombre day.
Turn, turn thy sandglass as thou wilt,
  The golden grains are spent,
And but the dross remains behind
  Thine anger to content.

Fly on, 'tis well, the cloudy skies
  But frown upon the way;
The sunshine long has fled, and left
  The pallid ghost of day.
Storm, wildly storm, thy briny wave
  Can vex the heart no more;
The rock of memory guards full well
  The flowery stretch of shore.

No longer slaves within thy realm
  We bow the suppliant knee:
We have a prayer within our hearts,
  But it is not for thee.
Free, free from all that awed before,
  We laugh thy spite to scorn;
We wear the rose—thou only canst
  Press or withhold the thorn.

THE END HAS COME.

"THE end has come," we say, ah! not the end,
Rather beginnings of the higher life,
Where perfect peace stills every wave of strife,
And stars that shone through tears upon our way,
Shine on unseen, lost in a brighter day.

The wayward streams that know not where they tend,
Fretting still vainly through the dusty ways,
Find rest and quiet, and the weary maze
No longer vexes with a useless quest,
And the spent heart lies evermore at rest.

Sleep! it is better—for the way is long,
And Hope that sang above the sunny height
Folds weary wings where falls the shade of night;
And Love forgets his sweet and morning vow,
To press on weary hands an aching brow.

Sleep! this is not the end of life's strange song,
That modulates for ever key by key,
All discords melt in purest harmony,
And growing ever fuller, ever higher,
Reaches the tones of the celestial choir.

Sleep, tender heart! Ah! we shall miss that tone
When spring-time lingers with his smiles and tears,
When summer radiant as a bride appears,
When autumn reaps his gold and strips his bowers,
And winter wraps in snow the heavy-footed hours.

Yet we, though heavy-hearted and alone,
Shall hear a sweeter voice than morning gave—
A voice of hope that knows no earthly grave,
And stretching forth the weak and trembling hand,
Love's self shall guide us to the better land.

HE SANG NOT IN THE SUNSHINE.

He sang not in the sunshine,
  His path was not of flowers;
His tender lyrics blossomed
  In shade of weary hours.
The bird of love that warbled
  Never knew a leafy nest,
And sweetest notes were scattered
  With sharp thorns at the breast.

Yet deem him not unhappy,
  Who heard strains we may not hear,
Who bore the cross of patience
  With heart devoid of fear.
If his path was dark and stormy,
  Yet it led from grief and care,
And his songs still live and linger
  Like a blessing on the air.

OH! SAD WAS MY HEART.

Gaelic Air—"Gu ma slàn a chi mi."

OH! sad was my heart when they said I must go
From hills of the winds and green valleys below;
The sound of farewell rang in every sad strain,
With sob of the wind and with moan of the main.

Oh! then on my heart rose the light of thine eyes
As the dawn swiftly flushes the grey of our skies,
And it follows me ever, though now I must go
From hills of the winds and green valleys below.

Oh! sad was the way, and sad was my song,
And deep in my heart struck the arrows of wrong;
Not darker the mist, and not wilder the wave,
Than hatred that hunts to the death and the grave.

Oh! had it not been for the love of thy heart,
The sunshine that lives through whatever must part,
My days had been dark, with the darkness of woe,
Aye! e'en 'mong the hills with green valleys below.

A LOVER'S SONG.

Gaelic Air—"Ann Gille dubh ciar dubh."

OH! soft is the voice of the sweet flowing streamlet
That sings to the sea,
But clearer and dearer the voice of thy singing,
Thy singing to me.

Oh! bright are the stars, the starlight, the moonlight
That fall o'er the sea;
But eyes that are brighter, love that is stronger,
Draw me to thee,
Bend ever down from the heaven of thy beauty,
Draw me to thee.

Oh! true is the bird though it fly o'er the billow
Afar o'er the sea;
But truer this heart that flies not, that sighs not for change,
Whose home is with thee;
My footsteps may wander, but home is with thee.

Oh! dear is the spring when it laughs o'er our valleys,
O'er moorland and lea;
But thou bringest light hours,
Thou bringest bright flowers,
What spring ever gladdened our hearts like to thee,
Thou bringer of spring-time and beauty to me.

TO WALT WHITMAN.

THOU rugged giant of an iron age,
  Thine is the music of the stormy wind,
  Whose fitful gusts we may not tame or bind.
Thine are the stern realities that rage,
  Volcano-like, in throes of struggling birth,
Shaking the thrones, and casting crowns to earth.

Thou preacher to a headstrong world of strife,
Whose myriad fingers clutch as for dear life
At floating straws of faith, and wreckage cast
From foundered hulks, slow drifted from the past,
Thy mission stern and real, with dauntless heart
  'Mid jeering scoffers, thou hast still held on,
Firm to thy purpose; thou hast won in part,
  And hearts and voices bid thee yet be strong.

In memory of the quiet ways—
The quiet ways, the shining days
That drift to evening's calm,
The voices that once joined our own,
The hearts that echoed every tone,
Whose lives were as a psalm.

And in the thought of music passed
Into the silence strange and vast,
Into the quiet home.
And weary feet whose step no more
Shall meet us now at any door
However far we roam.

And for the few who still remain
With hearts attuned to join a strain
That to the past belongs,
In memory of the brighter days
We gather from the old sweet ways
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